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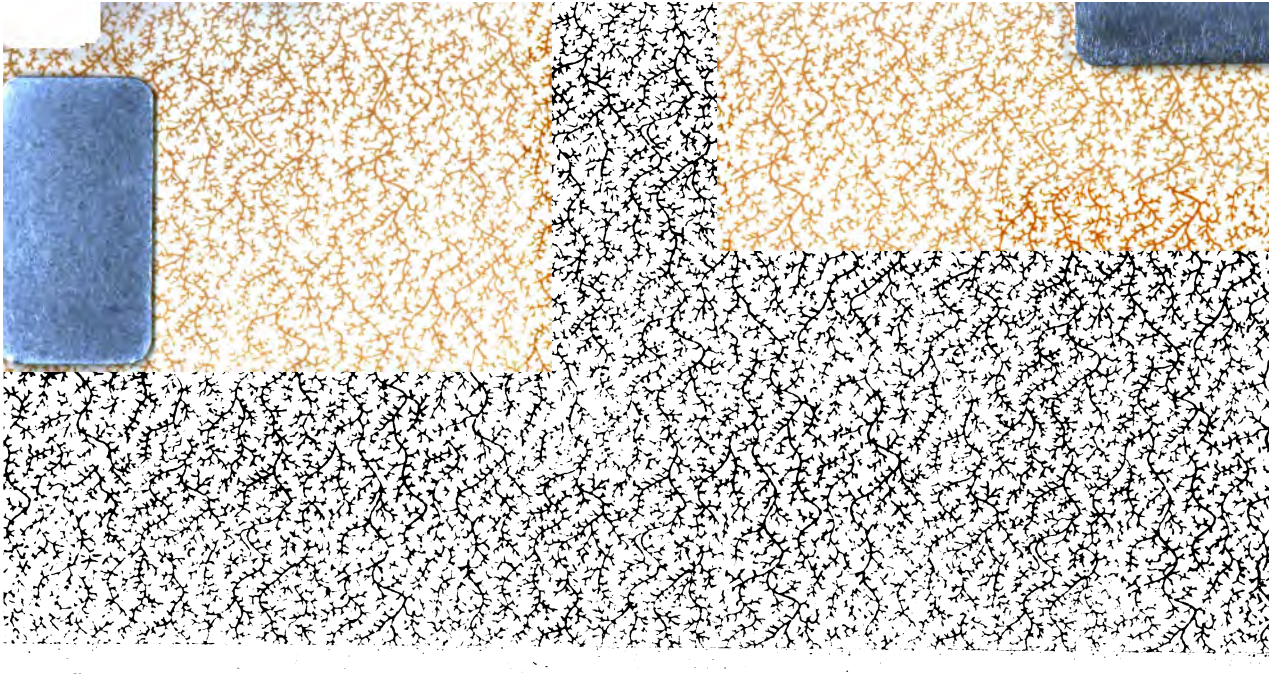

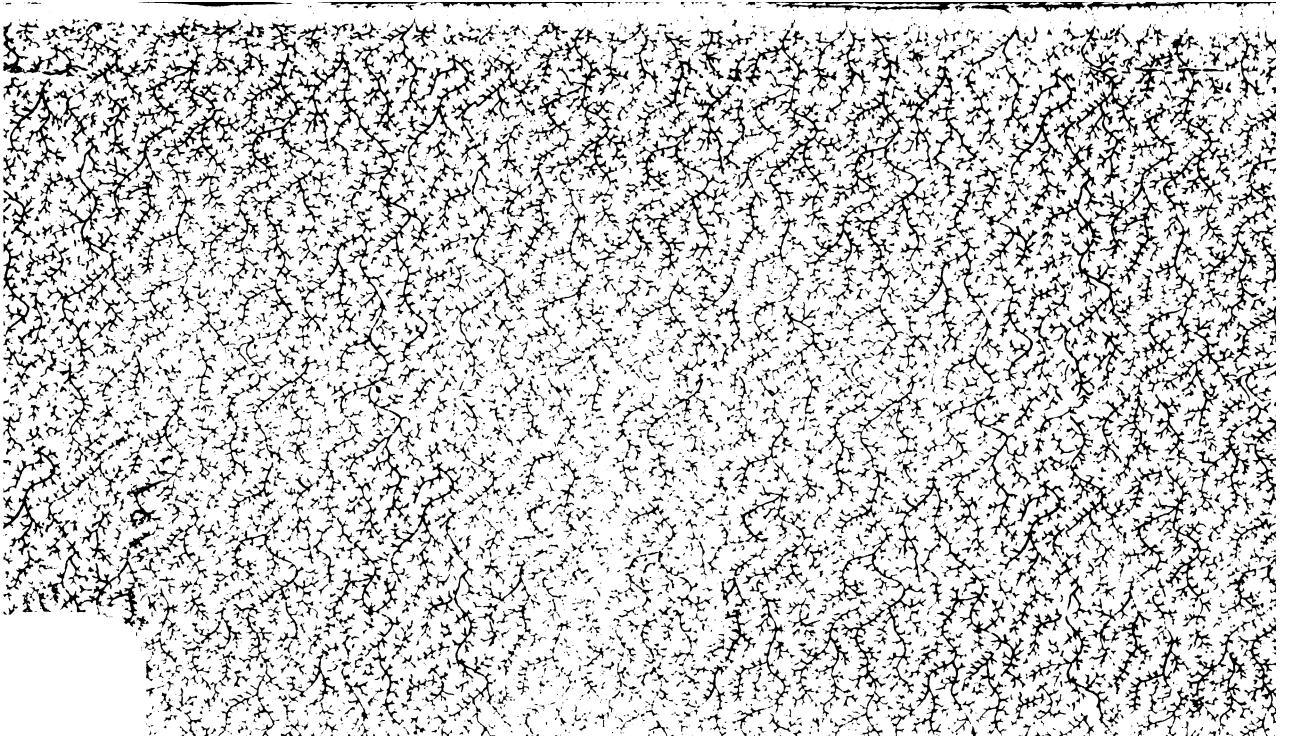

ORIGINAL POEMS.

ORIGINAL

POEMS,

BY A CITIZEN OF BALTIMORE.

(A. H. Townsend)

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A. S.

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THE volume of poems now offered to the public, are the effusions of those intervals, when business, yielding to the accustomed hours of recreation, leaves fancy free to escape the trammels, with which worldly cares hold it in subjection.

No spirit of avarice prompts their publication.— They are dear to the author, as mementos of those propitious moments, when, borne on the sportive wing

of imagination, the dull realities of life have been forgotten in the ideal joys that played around him.

The flattering suffrage, the repeated solicitations of perhaps partial friends, have alone emboldened him to meet the severity of criticism, and whilst he has not aspired to attain difficult heights in the steep ascents of fame, hope whispers that his little votive wreath will not be wholly disdained by the muses.

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CONTENTS.

	Page.
Blue Ey'd Anna,	1
To Miss Anna *******, for Valentine's Day,	6
To Spring,	8
"O! how lovely smiles the morning,"	10
The two Pigeons,	12
Elegy, on Eliza,	24
To the Mystery, or Invisible Girl,	26
Lines written at sea, May 10, 1804,	29

The Fairy, 31
Song—"And is it so! and must I bid adieu," 36
Benigna, 38
To a friend in Love, 40
To Miss ******, on her removal to town from the country, 42
Evening, 47
Ballad—" Hark the tempest's angry roar," 49
The Maid Unknown, 53
To Eliza, 56
The Recall, 58
To Miss ******, on her birth day, 60
To ******, 63
Slighted Love, 66
Song—" Doom'd at distance still to sorrow," 68
Elegy, 70
Song, " The Rose whose scatter'd leaves lie there," 72
The Invitation, 74
The Victim of Coquetry, 77

To a Profile, 82

"Turn on me, Love, those eyes of thine," 84

Titania to her Goldfinch, 86

Invitation, 98

Written on the approach of spring, 94

To a Sylph, 91

To *******—"When first to those dear little lips I press'd mine," 97

On a lock of hair presented to the Author, 99

To Laura, 101

Song—"Where Lysander art thou straying," 103

To a pretty School Girl, 105

From Frederick to Laura, 106

From Laura to Frederick, 109

Answer to the preceding, Frederick to Laura, 111

An Invitation to Laura, 113

To Mary on parting 115

Invitation to Monimia, 117

Song—"Ah why lov'd Lysander so soon could you leave," 120
Written at ******* springs, 123
Invocation to Mirth, 124
An Adieu to Love, 126
To a young Lady, with a posey of early flowers, 128
Song—"Tell me not that we must part," 130
Address to a young Lady, once a school mate, and particular friend of the Author, who requested of him a poem on School-day Friendships, 132
To Mary, 135
Address to the Willow, 137

ORIGINAL POEMS.

BLUE EY'D ANNA.

SMOOTHLY swell'd the waves of ocean,
Hush'd the thunder's awful roar;
Lonely, and with sad emotion,
Blue ey'd Anna press'd the shore:

All beneath a drooping willow,
Emblem of her grief, she stood;
Whilst to shore with gentle billow,
Peaceful roll'd the glassy flood.

On her absent sailor pond'ring,
Whilst her bosom heav'd a sigh;
"Where," she cry'd, "is William wand'ring,
"Far from Anna's anxious eye?

"Gentle breezes, bear him to me,
"Give him to this faithful breast;
"Guardian angels! guide the wand'rer,
"Once more to his hav'n of rest!

"O! if heaven, safely over,
"Waft him to his native shore;
"I'll so closely hold the rover,
"He shall never wander more."

Thus she spoke, while hope stood greeting—
Through the gloom of eve she spy'd;
Now advancing, now retreating,
O'er the waves a barque to glide.

See! the boat to shore advancing,
High with joy her bosom swells;
Transport all her soul entrancing,
While fond hope new rapture tells.—

Hapless maid! soon bitter anguish,
Low thy promis'd joys shall lay;
Thou art doom'd in woe to languish,
Death has stole thy love away!—

While the fatal news receiving,
From her cheek the color flies;
Dreadful grief her bosom heaving,
Tears of anguish fill her eyes.

All her heart is wild commotion,
Loud she calls her sailor boy;
" Ah! how couldst thou, cruel ocean,
" Rob me of my only joy!

" Tell me, ye whom angels guarded,
" When you saw him on the wave;
" Panting, struggling midst the billows,
" Could you not my William save?

" When black storms the ocean cover'd,
" And the dreadful tempest blew;
" Was there no kind angel hover'd,
" O'er my hapless William too?

" Farewell hope, adieu forever!
" Every joy alike farewell!
" Smiling peace, again, must never
" In this tortur'd bosom dwell!"

Thus spoke lovely blue ey'd Anna,
While soft pity touch'd each breast;
From each eye the tear came stealing,
Tears that honest grief confess'd.

Who that saw thee, wretched maiden,
Could refuse the mournful sigh;
Pity never touch'd his bosom,
Never melted in his eye.——

Frenzy'd now is hapless Anna,
To the lone beach oft she roves;
Wond'ring still, why stays her William,
From the maid he fondly loves!

Daily from the sea-beat willow,
Still she views the boat with joy;
On the ocean's distant billow,
Wafting o'er her sailor boy!

TO

MISS ANNA ******.

FOR VALENTINE'S DAY.

GENTLE Anna, come away,
Laughing Loves the wreath entwine;
Hymen weaves the chaplet gay,
For my lovely Valentine.

Humble is my little cot,
But thy smiles can banish care;
Ev'ry wish shall be forgot,
Love alone shall harbor there.

Brightest of the youthful train!
Lovely maid, for thee I stay;
Haste and bless thy doating swain,
Gentle Anna, come away.

TO

SPRING.

Lovely, gay, delightful season!
Once again we hail thy bloom;
Frost departs, and surly winter
Quits the plains to give thee room.

Rich in beauty, sweet in fragrance,
All creation smiles around;
Blushing gardens own thy presence,
Living verdure decks the ground.

Dark, tempestuous days no longer
Fright the warblers of the grove;
Vernal winds each vale caressing,
Wake them to the song of love.

Every heart beats gay and cheery,
Lightly trips the youthful throng;
While a sweetly rising echo
Tells the village maiden's song.

Pleasure every bosom filling,
Care and pain fly far away;
Love, in one delightful measure,
Sweetly crowns the vernal day.

O! how lovely smiles the morning,
When no care the bosom knows;
But alas! how dark and frowning,
When the heart is fraught with woes.

See the wretched mother languish,
Doom'd from her lov'd home to sigh;
What can heal her heart's sad anguish,
What bring gladness to her eye?

Bounteous nature's choicest treasures
Cannot one fond joy impart;
Nor can all the world's vain pleasures
Give sweet solace to her heart.

Happy they, on whom the morning
Smiles unclouded by despair;
Pleasure all the scene adorning,
Pleasure unalloy'd by care.

THE

TWO PIGEONS.

Two pigeons once, a happy pair,
The offspring of one tender care,
Within a barn had built their nest,
Intending there for life to rest:
Content and love they found at home,
Nor e'er express'd a wish to roam.

The spring and summer now had pass'd,
And winter, with his chilly blast,
Had frozen o'er the little rills,
And whiten'd all the neighboring hills:
No more, responsive down the vale,
Was heard the blackbird's evening tale;
Each songster fled the cheerless grove,
To milder climes, afar, to rove.

Without one care to fright their rest,
Of every little wish possess'd;
Our happy pair, in snug retreat,
Secure from cold and driving sleet;
Quite unconcern'd, forever gay,
In blisses past the hours away:
Each morn the lovely Julia sped,
With choicest dainties to their shed;
Her lov'd approach they quick descry,
And round their guardian mistress fly,

With seeming smiles the fair they greet,
And peck the crumbs from off her feet:
Thus pass'd their lives from day to day:
Sure never birds so bless'd as they!

Now spring once more, with vernal bloom,
Had chac'd away the winter's gloom;
The frost had melted in the rills,
And clad in green were all the hills:
Each songster tun'd his early throat,
To swell the long forgotten note;
And every shepherd sung his lay,
To welcome in the rosy May.

Our lovers, too, the change confess'd,
And often left their humble nest;
Together o'er the fields they flew,
And mark'd a thousand beauties new:
When thus with sudden joy elate,
The lover, kind, bespoke his mate:

Behold what sweet enchantment reigns,
What flowers bedeck these happy plains!
Oh! how unlike this charming bloom,
Is yonder barn's detested gloom;
Where pent from every fond delight,
We've slumber'd out an age of night:
Why should not we, like others, roam,
And fix, where choice directs, our home?
To taste in other woods and fields,
The sweets that nature freely yields?
He paus'd, while thus the gentle bride,
To him, in accents mild, reply'd:

Whence springs this strange desire, my love,
To leave thy native barn and grove,
To quit those walls, of late, so kind,
When rain, and hail, and driving wind,
In vain assail'd our peaceful nest,
And strove in vain to break our rest?

When snow and ice conceal'd the ground,
And food was no where to be found,
Did not fair Julia's care befriend,
And all our little wants attend?
Besides, the spring will soon be o'er,
The summer, too, will be no more;
And where can we expect to find
A nest so warm, and friend so kind?

All this, the lover quick reply'd,
Seems well with other ways untry'd;
For will not every bird agree,
And say they're far more blest than we?
Else why do *they* delight to rove,
And taste the sweets of every grove?
Come, come, my love, make no delay,
But instant let us wing our way,
Wherever nature most invites,
And taste a thousand new delights.

In vain the pleading fair replies,
In vain her utmost efforts tries :—
But fix'd resolve, within his breast,
Still baffled every fond request.—
Alike in vain the lover strove,
His sorrowing bride's consent to move ;
Till tired he gives persuasion o'er,
And sues to urge her flight no more :

Farewell, he cried, since so unkind,
You still intend to stay behind ;
And may your days in smiles be dress'd,
And all your little wishes bless'd !
This said, he bade a fond adieu,
And instant o'er the fallow flew :
The widow'd bird in sorrow, mourns,
And pensive to the barn returns.

Meanwhile the lover, blithe and gay,
To distant worlds pursues his [illegible]

With rapid wing the air he cleaves,
While big with pride his bosom heaves:
Now, borne impetuous on the wind,
He leaves his native fields behind;
Till tired with many an idle round,
He drops fatigu'd upon the ground:

Refresh'd, again from earth he springs,
And shakes with joy his buxom wings;
For three long days he urg'd his flight,
Without one care to mar delight:
The fourth, when ev'ning drew her veil,
Of pleasing twilight o'er the dale;
Again his flight he downward bends,
And once more on the ground descends.
An ample field, of berries, nigh,
Delicious, greet his longing eye;
Pleas'd, he accepts the offer'd feast,
And then betakes himself to rest.

Next morn, ere Phœbus shot his ray
Of orient red across the way;
From sweet repose he joyful wakes,
And quick his mossy couch forsakes:
And now before his ravish'd eyes,
Unnumber'd scenes of beauty rise;
Of lawns and bowers, and fairy groves,
Smooth gliding streams and sweet alcoves!

Ye gods! he cries, what grandeur reigns,
What charms pervade these happy plains!
Oh! here could I, forever, dwell,
And bid to all the world farewell.
While thus he spoke, in quest of prey,
An hungry hawk pursu'd his way;
When lo! our musing friend he spies,
And quick as thought upon him flies.

Alarm'd, the wounded victim reels,
And through the air convulsive wheels;

Now far aloft his flight he bends,
And now with rapid wing descends;—
Where'er he turns, now high, now low,
Close in his track, so turns the foe:
And now half-spent, and sore distress'd,
While terrors shake his little breast;
With deep remorse he calls to mind
His native barn left far behind,
Whose walls, if near, might still befriend,
And succour in his misery lend.
While thoughts like these his bosom tear,
With frantic wing he cuts the air;
Resolv'd to end at once the strife,
And try by speed to save his life.

Now swift, and swifter than the wind,
He leaves the lawns and groves behind;
Till sick at heart he pants for breath,
And shuddering waits the coming death.

Ah! sure some guardian angel nigh,
Beheld thee with a pitying eye;
And mov'd to see thee so distress'd,
With sudden hope reviv'd thy breast!—

As faint and breathless thus he flew,
A shatter'd oak, before his view
Arose, all lonely on the plain:
There still some slender hopes remain;—
For now when fate seems hov'ring o'er
And all his speed avails no more;
With bounding heart and ravish'd eyes,
A hollow in the trunk he spies,
And furious through the crevice flies.

There, all the long and tedious day,
As weak and faint, he gasping lay,
Again his home, now far remov'd,
And all the scenes he once had lov'd;

With cruel, and remorseful smart,
By turns assail his anguish'd heart.

Next morn, quite feeble, forth he crawls,
Half famish'd, from his prison walls;
Resolv'd, to give his wand'rings o'er,
And seek his native fields once more.

With this intent, a short repast
He takes, and spreads his wings in haste;
While round he throws an anxious eye,
Still fearful of some danger nigh.

Thus maim'd, for many a cheerless day
With toil-worn wings he urg'd his way;
O'er unknown fields and forests drear:—
When, sudden to his eyes appear,
The well known barn, and aged oaks,
While near the cottage chimney smokes:

His gentle mate her truant spies,
And meets him with a fond surprise;
Close to his wounded side she press'd,
And smooth'd with care his ruffled breast:
Thy kindness, quite o'erwhelm'd, he cried,
My constant—sweet, forgiving bride!
Shall teach my heart, while life remains,
No more to sigh for distant plains;
Shall cheer me in whatever lot,
And never—never, be forgot.——
He kept his word, and from that day,
Again was never known to stray.

ELEGY.

The dance on the green, by the streamlet, is o'er,
And mirth and gay laughter, all strangely are fled;
The heart, to sweet music, reverbrates no more,
For the pride of the village is dead!

Now steals from each eye, tender sympathy's tear,
And bursts of sad anguish resound from each breast;
But vain is the sigh of the bosom sincere,
For Eliza's forever at rest!——

Adieu then, dear maiden!—peace, peace to thy shade!
And light may the turf on thy sweet bosom bear—
The wild rose shall perfume the spot where thou'st laid,
And turtles mourn plaintively there!

TO THE

MYSTERY,

OR, INVISIBLE GIRL.

LITTLE Fairy, prithee tell,
Whisper from thy magic cell;
Tell me in what careless hour
Wast thou stolen from thy bower.

Bower with sweetest myrtle bound,
And with blushing roses crown'd;
Where thy little sportive train,
Dance each night upon the plain.

Or beside the cryatal stream,
Where pale Luna sheds her beam;
In lov'd gambols pass the night,
Hidden from all mortal sight.

Lovely little prattler, hail!
Oft I meet thee in the vale;
While by Fancy's side I rove
Through the mazes of the grove.
There thy well known voice I hear,
Sweetly whisp'ring in mine ear;
Whilst my bosom feels relief,
And forgets its wonted grief.

Tell me, air-fed phantom tell,
Whisper from thy magic cell;
When Amanda visits thee,
Does she ever speak of me?

Does she tell thee of the art
She employ'd to win my heart;
And when once she found it won,
Left it broken and undone?

Oh! when next she does appear,
Softly whisper in her ear,
Tell her while from him she flies,
Frederick, for Amanda, dies!

LINES

WRITTEN AT SEA,

MAY 10, 1804.

FROM you, dear natal scenes! tho' far I roam,
And quit each object that my heart holds dear;
Still Fancy leads my wand'ring thoughts to home,
And with sweet day-dreams strives my soul to cheer.

Still in those groves where late I fondly stray'd,
Ev'n now, methinks, a well known voice I hear;
'Tis thine, Amanda, bright enchanting maid!
And sweet it warbles on this conscious ear.

Farewell ye streams—no more for me ye flow,
On your green banks I woo the muse no more;
Far from these haunts of young delight I go,
A youthful wand'rer from his native shore.

Proud Ocean cease! nor roll thy waves so high,
Fain would I view those much lov'd scenes again;
Far o'er thy bosom strain an anxious eye,
And gaze once more on thee, my native plain.

How vain the wish! still louder roars the blast,
And higher still, the foaming billows swell:
Turn, busy Fancy, from these pleasures past,
And bid them all, with me, a long farewell.

THE

FAIRY.

Little wand'ring Elfin say,
Thou who shun'st the face of day;
But by mortals sometimes seen,
Sporting o'er the moonlight green;
Say, what art thou, little sprite,
And where hides thee, when the light
Steals upon the startled night?

Dost thou speed to haunted cells,
Wizard streams and magic dells;
Far away from mortal sight,
Where as yet no wand'ring wight,
Plodding o'er the tell-tale ground,
Has thy mystic dwelling found?

FAIRY.

In an unknown hallow'd grove,
Where full oft the muses rove,
Rears a sweet sequester'd bower,
Twin'd with many a flaunting flower.—
There on beds of fragrant roses,
Many a little Elf reposes;
There we slumber out the day,
Hid from Sol's refulgent ray.

But when twilight dims the west,
And the robin seeks his nest,

Then we leave our snug retreat,
On the accustom'd green to meet;
There to frolic, dance and play,
All the live long night away.

Oft our little bands divide,
And on zephyr's pinions ride,—
Then sweet music fills the air,
While the clown, with vacant stare,
Fearful stops and gazing round,
Wonders whence proceeds the sound.

Then to seek the love-sick maid,
And with softest serenade
Wake her from a dream of bliss,
Just as Damon steals a kiss;
And her face with blushes glows,
While the tear of rapture flows.

Now, as soft our lutes complain,
Pleas'd she listens to the strain,
And as Love's soft power she feels,
Slyly to the window steals;
While fond fancy paints the youth,
Full of tenderness and truth.

Then as sudden off we fly,
And to moonlight meadows hie,
While the azure welkin rings,
And the tuneful robin sings.

But when morning's earliest dawn,
Glimmers o'er the dewey lawn;
Quick we bid the fields good-bye,
For our hiding place to fly.

Now I've told thee of our pranks,
Fare thee well—for on the banks

Of a crystal purling stream,
Fondly does Titania dream;
From the evening's baleful dew,
I must shield her—so adieu.

SONG.

And is it so! and must I bid adieu;
Still lov'd Lysander, must I thee resign?
Oh say, what breast could boast a heart so true,
Or say, what heart was half so fond as mine?

Bereft of thee, what now remains to cheer,
What now can please, or what can make me blest?
Devoid of joy must pass each lingering year,
While care and pain corrode this tortur'd breast.

And can Lysander thus to sorrow leave,
Thus to despair thy wretched maid consign;
This heart of all its former bliss bereave;
That ne'er would give one moment's pain to thine?

BENIGNA.

"Blow on, ye loud winds, and ye rains fiercely pour,
"Less cruel are ye than the youth I adore,
"Less fierce is your rage than his hate;
"For a few fleeting weeks to creation will bring,
"Its former delights; and again on the spring
"Shall love and tranquillity wait.

"But ah, thou sad bosom, so pregnant with woe,
"Nor comfort, nor pleasure again shalt thou know,
"All, all with false *Percival* flies;

"No more for *Benigna* shall nature look gay,
"No more shall the mild cheering aspect of May
Bring gladness again to her eyes.

"Then welcome, kind Death! oh! how welcome to
view!
"False *Percival*, cruel deceiver, adieu!
"Soon, soon shall the grave hide my woes"—
She ceas'd—wretched girl, thy complainings are o'er,
Friendly Death has releas'd thee, and sorrow no more
Shall trouble *Benigna's* repose.

TO

A FRIEND

IN LOVE.

Go, fond youth! and quit thy sighing,
Give thy slighted passion o'er;
If thy Mira's uncomplying,
Would you *still* the nymph adore!

There are other beauties, single,
To whom youth and worth belong,
Who, no doubt, would gladly mingle
With the Hymeneal throng.

Go, then, give thy passion over,
Boast thy freedom, scorn despair;
Tell the little fickle rover,
You no longer see her fair.

TO

MISS *******,

ON HER REMOVAL TO TOWN FROM THE COUNTRY.

WHY Lavinia, dost thou go,
Why forsake thy lover so?
Ah! why leave these happy plains,
Where contentment ever reigns?
By your lovely self made gay,
Every month appear'd like May:
Then each nymph and swain were seen,
Sporting jocund o'er the green;

Whilst the nightly dance and song,
Brought delight and love along.

But now lov'd Lavinia flies;
Ah what different prospects rise!
Former walks delight no more,
And the dance and song are o'er;
Love and joy alike are flown,
With you, too, alas! are gone
Spring and all its gilded treasures
Mirth and every rural pleasure.

All forlorn appear the bowers;
Cheerless droop the conscious flowers;
For with thee their sweetness flew,
And the peace of ——— too!

Frequent guests, as heretofore,
Daily croud our mansion door;

Belles and beaux, delighted, chat,
Now of this thing, then of that;
Whilst the generous laugh goes round,
And each soul in mirth is drown'd;
All but mine—mine far away,
To Lavinia loves to stray;
And while fancy paints thy charms,
To enfold thee in my arms.

Now by moon-light through the grove,
With my fair methinks I rove;
While the spring more gaily blooms,
And its former sweets resumes:

Now my lovely girl I lead
O'er the oft trod verdant mead,
Where the lowly wild flower blows,
And sweet fragrance round it throws.

Then along some haunted stream,
Where charm'd Cynthia sheds her beam:
And where shepherds sometimes see,
All beneath the old oak tree,
Rings of Elfins sporting round,
To the unseen tabor's sound.

To my fond and throbbing breast,
Now methinks I feel thee press'd;
Now as sudden you are gone,
And once more am I alone——
Lost, I cry, in wild dismay,
Stay! my lov'd Lavinia, stay!
From the chair in haste I spring,
While all wonder's on the wing;
And each eager belle and beau,
All at once desire to know,
Where this lov'd Lavinia flies,
From her doating *Strephon's* eyes?

Vext I eye the hated room,
And my vacant chair resume;
There to hear from every tongue,
The *tender woes* of *Strephon* sung.

Thus, each long and tedious day,
Joyless pass the hours away;
And, oh! thus, till you appear,
Joyless still must roll the year.

EVENING.

SWEET hour! while yet with feeble beams,
Departing Sol scarce lights the vale!
While yet he lingers on the streams;
And, softly blows the evening gale.

But when we bid adieu to day,
And twilight shades the highest hill;
Oh! there are many who will say,
This hour is sweeter, sweeter still!

Oft through the silent grove I stray,
And mark the moon, as climbing slow,
She measures bright, her ærial way,
And throws her beams on all below.

Thy soothing power, now let me feel,
Sweet melancholy! much lov'd guest!
O'er my rapt soul, thy influence steal,
And hush each rising care to rest!

Is there a heart that does not melt,
To rapture pure, in hours like this?
That joyless heart has never felt,
The pains of love, nor yet its bliss!

BALLAD.

HARK! the tempest's angry roar!
Sleep affrighted flies from Nancy;
Some one taps her cottage door,
Pleasing thoughts rush on her fancy.

Now her heart is all alarms,
Quick she flies her bosom beating;
While with eager outstretch'd arms,
Her lov'd Ben, she thinks she's meeting.

"To this longing heart once more,
Ah my love! and shall I hold thee?
Happy on thy native shore;
Shall these arms again enfold thee?"

Fancy all her bosom warms—
Now she hears his tender greeting;
Now she opens wide her arms,
Fondly his lov'd name repeating.

"Come my love the wind blows cold,
Fast the rain falls, pouring on thee,
Let me thy lov'd form behold,
Haste, it is thy true love calls thee."

Mark the quick successive sighs,
Nancy's wretched bosom rending;
From the lovely mourner's eyes,
See the tears of grief descending.

Trembling now with anxious fears,
Wild, she calls upon her lover;
Now his well known voice she hears,
On the breeze it seems to hover.

" Lovely Nancy grieve no more,
Still thy bosom's sad emotion;
Weeping cannot Ben restore,
He lies buried in the ocean!

" Soon, alas! thy joys are fled,
Soon thy promised bliss is over;
In his cold and wat'ry bed,
Wretched Nancy, seek thy lover!"

Frantic to the beach she flew,
Wild and breathless with emotion;
Louder still the tempest grew;
Higher swell'd the waves of ocean.

Fiercer storms distract her mind,
Still she hears him in her fancy;
Whispering on the passing wind,
"Wherefore stays my lovely Nancy?"

Surges lash th' affrighted shore;
Scarce she hears their loud commotion;
Then upon her Ben once more
Call'd, and plung'd into the ocean.

THE

MAID UNKNOWN.

Some courteous spirit kindly say,
Where hides this unknown fair;
O! point me out the blissful way,
And guide my footsteps there!

For long, within my throbbing breast,
This lovely, fair unknown,
Has reign'd, the choicest, sweetest guest,
And held my heart alone.

Now o'er the yellow mead I rove,
Now down the lonely dale;
Her image haunts me in the grove,
Nor leaves me in the vale:

Strange whisper'd music, now I hear,
And starting at the sound;
I think my angel beauty near,
And vainly gaze around.

Unseen the tender lutes complain,
While passing zephyr sighs;
Now fainter grows the warbling strain,
Now, lost in distance, dies.

Sweet elfin tribe who ride the air,
Again your songs repeat;
And if you know my heavenly fair,
O! whisper her retreat!

All other cares I'll strait forego,
And to my charmer fly;
'Tis she can heal my bosom's woe,
Or bid the lover die!

TO ELIZA.

BEGONE, ye fond visions, I ne'er will believe;
Your smiles and your promises now are all vain;
No longer shall love my sad bosom deceive,
Nor hope's cheating whispers delude it again.

The world, with its follies, I now can forsake,
Without one vain wish any longer to rove;
And calmly sequester'd, forever I'll take,
A farewell, Eliza, of thee and of love.

Those lips, which with rapture so often I've press'd,
That form so angelic, I once did adore,
Those looks, which forever could render me bless'd,
Have all prov'd deceitful and charm me no more.

Then hence, ye fond visions! I ne'er will believe,—
Your smiles and your promises now are all vain;
No longer shall love my sad bosom deceive,
Nor hope's cheating whispers delude it again.

THE RECALL.

Ah why, lovely Mary, thus leave me to languish;
While I thus so sadly thy absence bemoan?
In pity return, for thy Strephon in anguish,
Must mourn, while he wanders the vallies alone.

For oh, lovely maiden! those sweet pleasant bowers,
Where oft in fond rapture we carelessly rov'd;
While mutual affection made sweeter the hours,
Have all lost their charms since from them you removv'd.

Then quickly return, thou alone who can'st cheer me!
'Tis Mary can ease this sad breast of its pain;
Then come, lovely maiden! for till thou art near me,
Still, still, must thy Strephon in sorrow complain.

TO MISS ******,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

LEAD the dance, begin the song,
Bring delight and love along;
Let each bosom now be gay,
'Tis Eliza's natal day!

Haste, ye maidens, to the green,
Where the riv'let, ever sheen,
Murmuring winds its mazy round,
O'er the flower-enamel'd ground;

Where coy wood nymphs nightly haunt,
And their dulcet numbers chant.

See, advance the lovely fair!
Now your choicest gifts prepare;
And with garland wreaths of green,
Deck the little rosy Queen!

Now—behold that neck of snow,
Mark those cheeks that ever glow;
Like the early rose of May,
Blushing from the eye of day!

Hark! sweet music fills the sky,
Sure 'tis Oberon that's nigh;
With his little elfin train,
While the dryads join the strain—

Drawn by magic beauty's power,
They have left their secret bower;

Eager hast'ning to be bless'd,
Near Eliza's spotless breast!—

Matchless maid—divinely fair!
How shall mortals ever dare,
To approach such envy'd charms,
Or persuade thee to their arms?

But if destin'd to the joy,
O! what bliss shall hail the boy,
Whom Eliza deigns to prove,
Worthy of her Virgin love!—

Ever beauteous, gay and young!
Sweet inspirer of my song!
O, may each returning year,
Find thee still, as happy here;
Still, as now, by all caress'd,
Still in every virtue bless'd!

TO *******

WHERE yonder streamlet softly flows,
And daffodils their sweets disclose,
A little modest cot once rose,
And there dwelt lovely Fanny:

So bright a nymph scarce e'er was seen—
The village hail'd her as its queen;
And every night upon the green,
The dance was made for Fanny.

Long while I lov'd the gentle maid,
And often to her cottage stray'd,
But somehow, always felt afraid,
And blush'd at sight of Fanny.

At length, 'twas on the first of May,
Oh! I shall ne'er forget the day,
My fault'ring tongue first dar'd to say,
I love thee, charming Fanny!

A mutual flame she soon confess'd,
The day was fix'd, to make us bless'd,
But envious fate the bliss suppress'd,
And tore me from my Fanny.

My country call'd——how hard the doom!——
I left a quiet, peaceful home,
For many a cheerless day to roam,
Far, far from *love and Fanny!*

For twelve long months of toil and pain,
We roam'd the vast and trackless main;
And, though 'twas folly to complain,
Still, still I sigh'd for Fanny.

Sweet peace, at length, recall'd once more,
Each wand'rer to his native shore,
Where soon my dream of joy was o'er,
For death had stol'n my Fanny!

Oh hide, ye flowrets, hide your glow,
And thou, sweet streamlet! cease to flow,
While on thy banks I tell my woe,
And mourn with me for Fanny.

SLIGHTED LOVE.

AH! now full well I know the reason why,
Lysander shuns the hated Rosa's sight;
At Stella's feet I late o'erheard him sigh,
And tenderest vows of love and honor plight.

Ah gentle fair! be warned by Rosa's fate,
Who once like thee, believ'd Lysander true,
Now doom'd to bear in silent grief his hate,
To bid to joy a long and sad adieu—

Gay, thoughtless youth! how could you thus ensnare,
The heart you found from every sorrow free;
Then, still more cruel, leave it to despair,
Which spite of all, still fondly doats on thee?

Lysander! dost thou hear thy Rosa's call,
And does no pity dwell within thy breast!
O come! and freely I'll forgive thee all,
One smile from thee, can make me truly blest.

SONG.

Doom'd at distance still to sorrow,
Far from all my heart holds dear;
Flatt'ring Hope still says "to-morrow
"Thy lov'd William shall appear."

Often too thou fondly bid'st me,
To the green-wood bower repair;
Anxious waiting to receive me,
I should meet my lover there.

Long, ah! long, have I been waiting,
Long I've sought the valley o'er;
At our wonted place of meeting,
I behold my love no more.

Go, then, Hope! no more deceive me,
I have found thy promise vain:
Long, too long, have I believ'd thee,
Thou shalt ne'er deceive again.

ELEGY.

For me no more let fragrant breezes blow,
Nor vernal suns their wonted beauty shed;
I'll seek the place where poppies love to grow,
And mournful lay me no their drowsy bed.

Oh guide my footsteps, some benignant power,
To where sad Lethe winds her silent stream;
Where scorn no more shall mark each passing hour,
Nor busy foes disturb my final dream:

For sick at heart, and longing after rest,
Deny'd so long, these weary limbs of mine;
There, free from woe, no more by sorrow press'd,
To sweet oblivion I'll my cares consign.

SONG.

THE rose whose scatter'd leaves lie there,
Was once the garden's pride;
A little while it flourished fair,
But soon it droop'd and died!

How true an emblem this, of me,
Then why should I not grieve?
O Henry! if but bless'd with thee,
How sweet for thee to live!

But ah he's gone! and I no more
Shall meet him in the grove;
Adieu, adieu—for evermore,
Farewell! farewell, my love!

THE

INVITATION.

Joy of my life! when thou art near,
What rapture fires this throbbing breast;
O come! dispel each rising fear,
And in these arms securely rest.

O come! and grace my woodbine bower,
'Tis there the riv'let loves to glide;
There, no rude tempests ever low'r,
No guest but Love shall there reside.

Hark! to the sweetly rising lay,
Through yonder grove it winds along;
It calls my gentle love away,
To join the rural ev'ning song.

And when my charming girl shall stray,
At evening hour along the mead;
With choicest flowers I'll strew thy way,
And through the grove thy footsteps lead.

Should care perchance my breast invade,
Or sorrow e'er its peace molest;
Thy angel form, thy smile, sweet maid!
Shall drive far off the hateful guest.

And this my task—dear girl for thee,
Through day the pleasing toil to bear;
Each night thy guardian I will be,
And watch thy rest with fondest care.

Thus with my lovely Mary near,
Serenely mild shall glide each hour;
While fondly, each returning year,
Shall smile upon our woodbine bower.

THE

VICTIM OF COQUETRY.

Down in the mazes of a grove,
Young Harry told his tale of love,
As all forlorn he stray'd;
And as he brooded o'er his fear,
Full many a sigh and many a tear,
His bosom's grief betray'd.

Sweet girl! with locks of auburn hue,
He sung, whose eyes so soft and blue,
Lead captive every swain;
Say, while I languish to be bless'd,
O! wilt thou grant thy suppliant rest,
Or must he plead in vain?

Sometimes indeed, I've thought thee kind,
But ah! thy ever wavering mind,
So fond of being free;
On all, I've seen thee smile as sweet,
And with the same endearments greet,
As erst bestow'd on me:

O then, with half resenting heart,
I've almost vow'd at once to part,
And never see thee more;
Yet still that smile—that glance divine;
Have made me more than ever thine,
And forc'd me to adore.

Since then to fly I strive in vain,
O! do not hear me still complain,
And no relief impart;
Come, sweet, enchanting, heavenly fair!
In pity listen to my prayer,
And ease my bursting heart!

Thy prayer is heard, a voice replies,
While anxious wonder and surprise,
Beat high in Harry's breast;
But what can speak his soul's delight,
When full before his ravished sight,
Sweet Mira stood confess'd.

Quick o'er his cheeks the crimson flew,
As near the lovely maiden drew,
And on his bosom hung;
O maid divine! he would have cried,
But crouding sigh's all speech deny'd,
And chain'd his eager tongue.

But soon his lips, in eager haste,
To her's, the trembling lover plac'd,
And clasp'd her in his arms;
Ah! never more, at length he said,
Can Harry doubt his charming maid,
Nor suffer fresh alarms.

But ah how transient is our bliss!
It oft expires upon a kiss,
And in a moment flies:
Just like some little gaudy flower,
That blooms in sunshine for an hour,
And in the evening dies.

Next eve, his face in smiles array'd,
Again young Harry woo'd the maid,
And urg'd in tenderest strain;
But Mira, cruelest of her sex,
With cold disdain his suit rejects,
And laughs at all his pain!

Half cras'd, he rushes from her sight,
To spend in tears the tedious night,
Or lose in sleep his care:
Alas! no sleep beguiles his grief,
Till Mira deigns to smile relief,
And heal his sad despair.

Thus bless'd and wretched, still by turns,
A constant flame within him burns,
And wears his life away;
Yet still obedient to her call,
He cringes and submits to all,
Tho' jilted every day!

TO A PROFILE.

IMAGE of my lovely fair,
To this heart so often press'd;
Dost thou read what passes there?
Canst thou give the trembler rest?

Ah! I feel 'tis all in vain,
Still it flutters as before;
Go—you but increase the pain,
You can never peace restore!

Haste, then, send thy mistress here,
Bid her to her lover fly;
Tell her, she alone can cheer—
Whisper, 'tis for her I die!

TURN on me, love, those eyes of thine,
That blooming cheek, O! turn to me;
Now press thy ruby lips to mine,
And let me die with loving thee!

What—only one—one sparing kiss!
When I would freely give a score—
Olenia! but renew the bliss,
And I will teaze my girl no more.

There—now a thousand thanks my love;
O! I could hold thee thus forever—
Ah! why must fate such bliss remove,
By forcing us again to sever!

I

TITANIA

TO HER GOLDFINCH.

CHARMING little warbler, say,
In thy yellow plumage dress'd;
Why is hush'd thy tuneful lay,
What disturbs thy harmless breast?

Late, with music soft and clear,
Thou didst fill thy little throat;
While full oft I've linger'd near,
Pleas'd to hear thy mellow note.

But no more that note is heard,
At the early dawn no more—
Pensive droops my sweetest bird,
And the love of song is o'er.

Say, does restless memory lead,
Back to joys no longer known;
Picturing many a rill and mead,
When fair freedom was thy own?

And does fancy paint the grove,
Where, full oft, on early wing;
Thou hast sped to meet thy love,
And the morning mattin sing.

And are all thy pleasures o'er?
Wilt thou droop—ah! wilt thou die?
There—now open is the door;
Quit thy cage and instant fly.

Go, for hark! thy lover's lay,
Calls thee to her widow'd breast;
"Come," it says, "O! come away,
"Haste, for here dwells peace and rest."

Free from every care and pain,
Now thy little wings unfold;
Now, far off I hear thy strain;
Fare thee well, sweet bird of gold.

INVITATION.

Lovely, blue ey'd, blooming Nancy!
Wilt thou listen to my song?
Long on thee I've plac'd my fancy,
On thy beauties doated long.

See, young spring the meads adorning;
Hark—the song of yonder grove;
Ushers in the rosy morning,
And invites thy heart to love.

There, the moss-rose sweetly blushes,
And the lovely wild flower hides;
Faintly murmuring through the rushes,
There a haunted streamlet glides:

On whose borders, nightly playing,
Troops of little forms are seen;
As the milk-maid, homeward straying,
Sings her ditty on the green.

But, sweet girl! the whitest blossom,
That in this Elysium blows;
Vies not with thy fairer bosom,
Nor can half its charms disclose!

Come, O! come, and while my fancy,
Paints thy sweet, ambrosial kiss;
Softly whisper, "'tis thy Nancy,
"Come to give her lover bliss."

WRITTEN

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

See! at length reluctant spring,
Comes with all her lovely train;
From her lap prepar'd to fling,
Many a blossom o'er the plain!

Balmy fragrance fills the gale,
Early daisies strew the ground;
Blythe from every hill and dale,
Music's gayest notes resound.

Sweetly pensive through the grove,
Stock-doves pour a melting strain;
Telling many a tale of love,
Half of pity, half of pain.

Wand'ring now, the glades along,
Pleas'd I list the rising lay;
Catching now, the milk maid's song,
As she trips the flow'ry way.

High with bliss my pulses beat!
Fancy wings me to the grove;
Where the wood nymph warbles sweet,
And the tuneful sisters rove!

Where each night upon the green,
Little Elves, to sport and play!
By the wand'ring moon are seen,
Tripping o'er the dewey way!

Fancy there delights to dwell,
  There with many a fragrant flower;
Blushing sweet from Hebe's cell,
  Weaves her wild, fantastic bower!

Who'd not banish worldly care,
  To these fairy plains to fly?
Fancy guide thy votary there—
  There to live and there to die!

TO A SYLPH.

BENIGNANT Sylph, O! let thy care
Awhile to Mary's couch be given;
Thou'lt find the choicest harbor there,
And on her breast the sweetest heaven.

Go, whisper fondest things of love,
In strains as sweet as Seraphs sing—
Bid Zephyr hasten from his grove,
And o'er her wave his cooling wing.

And should she wake and kindly ask,
What unseen form inhabits near;
O! then remove thy fairy mask,
And let thy tiny self appear:—

And tell her, 'twas the fond request,
Of one, who'd think it bliss to die,
If but permitted on that breast,
To breath his last, his parting sigh!

And if, perchance, a sigh should steal,
One kindly sigh to bless my name—
O! where's the heart that would not feel,
A world of bliss to own the same.

O! snatch it, ere the envious wing,
Of Zephyr bear its sweets from me—
Then here the balmy æther bring,
And next to her, I'll doat on thee.

I'll say thou art the dearest sprite,
That ever danc'd by streamlet's side;
That thou hast brought me more delight,
More bliss, than all my dreams beside.

TO ******

When first to those dear little lips I press'd mine,
My heart flutter'd strangely, I could not think why;
Yet thought, as I held it so closely to thine,
They both throb'd together, and both heav'd the sigh:

And when o'er thy fair cheek the warm crimson rush'd,
At thought of the mischief our kissing might do;
'Twas chiding so gently that mine deeper blush'd,
As softly consenting, I own'd it was true.

K

But oh! when you told me, that sweet pouting lip,
Had never been press'd by a mortal's before;
Why wonder that I should again wish to sip,
Or ask you to give me that blessing once more?

O Anna! that minute so fraught with delight,
Tho' fate should deny us such rapture again;
Still, still that dear minute shall Fancy make bright,
And long shall those love-breathing murmurs remain.

ON A LOCK OF HAIR,

PRESENTED TO THE AUTHOR

Close conceal'd, within my bosom,
Precious present! safely rest;
Gift of her, whose lovely image,
Long has fill'd my anxious breast.

From each curious eye I've hid thee;
Where no hand could near thee rove:
Next my heart each night I've plac'd thee,
And in vision clasp'd my love.

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O! what sweet, what mix'd sensations,
Sweetest treasure! dost thou bring;
Joy and pain, love's close connexions,
In my breast alternate spring.

Now, fond hope, with smiles enchanting,
Bids me banish every care:
Wildly now my bosom panting,
Yields to doubt, and dark despair!

Yet, sweet gift! I'll fondly fold thee,
Still, blest hope! thy smiles believe;
Hence! with care, distrust and sorrow,
Laura never can deceive!

TO LAURA.

O! say, were not the moments sweet,
When, Laura, by the stream we stray'd;
Or when we sought the cool retreat,
Or wander'd down the flowery glade?

There, borne on Zephyr's silken wing,
Came earliest vi'lets sweet perfume;
While Hebe smil'd a brighter spring,
And love laugh'd on thy cheek of bloom.

What then were all the world to me!
Its scorns, its smiles, or boasted charms?
Its fairest pride, I found in thee,
Its dearest bliss, in Laura's arms.

But now, lov'd Laura! now, no more,
Together by the stream we stray;
Alas! those hours of joy are o'er,
And all our flatt'ring dreams decay.

Then fare thee well, since fate's decree,
Compels our kindred souls to part—
Yet still, lov'd Laura!—still to thee,
Belongs this fond—this doating heart!

And still, along thy banks, sweet stream!
At ev'ning hour I'll often rove;
There, fondly, on past joys to dream,
And sigh the name of her I love.

SONG.

Where Lysander, art thou straying!
At our wonted place of meeting,
All the day have I been staying,
Much I wish to hear thy greeting!

Through the vale, and o'er the mountain,
Long I've wander'd in despair;
Long I've sought by stream and fountain,
But, alas! thou art not there!

Gentle Sylphs! through æther gliding,
Tell a maid who fondly loves;
Whisper where Lysander's hiding,
O! conduct me where he roves!

Bear my sighs, ye gentle Zephyrs
Bear them to the wand'rer's ear,
Tell the youth in softest whispers
'Tis Olenia, waits him here:

Tell him, how with grief I languish,
Ask him, why from me he flies?—
Bid him haste to heal my anguish,
Say, for him, Olenia dies!

TO A

PRETTY SCHOOL GIRL.

THY cheek was so blooming, and then from that eye,
Of blue, so enchanting, such rapture came to me!
I said to myself, as you lightly trip'd by,
How easy 'twould be for those eyes to undo me!

And what tho' we ne'er chang'd a greeting 'till then,
I'm sure, the first moment each gaz'd on the other;
Our hearts beat as truly congenial, as when,
In transport they flutter'd while press'd to each other:—

Olenia! I vow by that moment of bliss,
And each other moment, that I shall be loving;
There's ten times the rapture deriv'd from the kiss,
Which comes with a mixture of gentle reproving.

And still, tho' you chided and bade me depart,
And pleaded your youth with a look so divine;
I could not help thinking your sly little heart,
Seem'd pleas'd, as it witness'd the tremors of mine.

Then throw by thy sampler, sweet maid of fourteen!
And haste to the cottage I've deck'd out for thee;
There while this heart beats shalt thou reign its first queen,
O! come, sweet Olenia! to love and to me.

TO LAURA.

YES, Laura! while alone to me,
I fondly thought thy heart was given;
I own 'twas heaven to think on thee,
And many an hour I've tasted heaven.

O! then, such loving dreams would steal;
So sweetly o'er the mind each night—
'Twas bliss such as the soul might feel,
When wafted first to realms of light!

And when thou'st said, how very dear,
Was every minute pass'd with me!
I thought thy vows were most sincere,
And all my joy was loving thee!

How sweetly then, the moments flew!
How pure, how tranquil, was my breast;
No wishes, then, this bosom knew,
Save one alone—to make thee bless'd!

And thou art false!—indeed thou art!
Yet think not, Laura, I repine—
Thou'rt welcome to so cold a heart,
For oh! it ne'er was worthy mine!

LAURA

TO FREDERICK.

Since all my dreams of joy are fled,
And hope, sweet hope! enchants no more;
Since care and sorrow come instead,
And nothing charms me as before:

Since fickle Frederick leaves me so,
And quite forgets his former vows;
I'll hie me where the poppies grow,
And bind them round my aching brows:

And then I'll lay me down to rest,
Where weeps the willow o'er the stream;
Where grief shall never more molest,
Nor sorrow cloud my final dream,—

Then with a last adieu to care,
In Death's embrace forget my woes—
Nor love, nor hopeless anguish, there
Again shall mock my long repose!

ANSWER

TO THE PRECEDING.

FREDERICK TO LAURA.

O! if thou art, indeed, the same,
Whose matchless charms so oft I've sung;
If thou art she, whose soothing name,
So oft I've sigh'd the groves among!

And if, O! if thou art sincere,
And giv'st one sigh to moments past;
O Laura! quick dispell thy fear,
And bid that sigh to be the last!

Come! and I'll hush thy cares to rest!
And fondly vowing ne'er to rove;
In transport fold thee to my breast,
Still glowing with unalter'd love!

And thou shalt whisper back again,
With looks as fond, with lips as true;
No more to give your Frederick pain,
Whose dearest hopes depend on you!

AN INVITATION.

You said, when the rude winds of winter were over,
And spring should return to delight us once more;
You'd wander again by the stream with your lover,
And talk o'er those raptures that pleas'd him before.

Then come, lovely maiden, for see how enchanting,
The mead and the stream, and the vallies appear;
No charm to the eye of my Laura is wanting,
And sweet is the red bird's lov'd note to the ear!

O come! and for thee will I pluck the young blossom,
That grows in the valley and sweetens the air!
'Twill blow fresher beauties when plac'd in thy bosom,
Nor e'er blame the hand that dispos'd of it there!

TO MARY.

O! if I thought when far from thee,
My lovely girl! I'm doom'd to pine;
One sigh, one gracious sigh for me,
Would e'er escape those lips of thine;

O! it would cheer this aching heart
Tho' hope no more must round it play;
'Twould ease despair's corroding smart,
And bless the wand'rer on his way!

Then tell me, thou'lt sometimes deplore,
The cruel fate that bids us sever—
O! say but this, I'll ask no more,
Then— farewell love, and thee forever!

INVITATION

TO MONIMIA.

I know a grove where wood nymphs haunt,
And oft their dulcet numbers chaunt;
Where fays, in many a merry round,
Along the banks of riv'lets sheen,
Dance to the unseen tabor's sound,
While Luna rises all serene,
And wand'ring to her utmost height,
Sheds on the streams her softest light—

O come Monimia, maid divine!
I'll say that rapture ne'er was mine;
Such rapture as my soul shall prove,
As through this fairy, flow'ry grove!
Enchanted by thy side I stray,
And hear thy sighs my sighs repay.

O! sweet's the season, love, the flowers
Around the scene unfading bloom;
And, careless spread amidst the bowers,
Fling on the gale a rich perfume!
While countless warblers, through the grove,
Attune their sweetest notes to love.

Alas! when thou wert far from me,
And I could think on naught but thee;
How often have these anxious feet,
At evening sought the lov'd retreat?

While fancy, in the chequer'd shade,
Has half reveal'd my charming maid?

O! many a dream of rapture, there,
Has brought thee kind as thou art fair!
And thou hast murmur'd "I am thine!"
And laid thy blushing cheek to mine!
Then, all my soul was given to thee!
And thou wert all the world to me!

O haste! those visions realise!
And let me read it in thine eyes;
Those sweetest tell-tales of the heart,
That oft the tenderest thoughts impart!
Bid them but beam one smile on me,
One kindly smile shall make me bless'd!
And all my joy, my heaven shall be,
On dear Monimia's lovely breast!

SONG.

Ah why, lov'd Lysander, so soon could you leave,
The girl, than whom fonder none ever could be;
Who laugh'd away yesterday only to grieve,
For many a morrow in sadness for thee!

Oh why did you whisper so soft in my ear,
And vow, that forever, with me you could stay!
Then soon as I, foolishly, own'd you were dear,
To this bosom, you left it, and hurried away:

I was foolish indeed!—but how cruel in you,
To sport with a heart so entirely your own—
A heart that would break é're it ceas'd to prove true,
Or cherish the object its kindness had won.

Return then, Lysander, and still these alarms,
Believe me, no frown on my brow you shall see;
Be once more but kind, and, again, in thy arms,
Aminta will own that she doats upon thee.

WRITTEN

AT ******** SPRINGS.

Ye Sylphs! who haunt these pleasing shades,
And oft at eve, on buxom wing;
Woo Zephyr through the moonlight glades,
Or, wonton, sport around the spring—

O haste! and near my lovely fair,
Take up an envy'd, blissful rest!—
Guard her each night with fondest care,
And fill, with heavenly dreams her breast!

O! could the blissful task be mine!
What rapturous hours this heart should prove!
All other cares I'd pleas'd, resign,
To watch o'er her I fondly love!

Now I'm much in love with Folly,
Leave me, leave me Melancholy!
Hie thee to some dismal cell,
And with blackest midnight dwell;
There, to bitterest notes of woe,
Let thine eyes forever flow—
Hence! and leave me to be gay,
For thou shalt no longer stay.

Come, sweet laughter-loving power!
Lead a votary to thy bower,

Lead, O! lead me on the way,
Happy, merry, blithe and gay!

Over beds of fragrant roses,
Where young joy with love reposes;
Whilst with dance and sprightly song,
Paphia leads the hours along!—

Now I taste, I feel thy charms!
O! what bliss my bosom warms!
Lead, and I will follow thee,
Wild as thou art, and as free!

AN ADIEU TO LOVE.

Go Love, no more my breast annoy,
Nor seek to move this heart again;
Go! idle, false, deluding boy!
Thy tender promises are vain!

For, long on fickle woman's smiles,
I've trusted, but to be deceiv'd!
And found them but made up of wiles,
Betraying most, when most believ'd:—

Then go deceitful boy!—depart,
Those hours of sweet belief are o'er;
Go—go, nor seek again this heart,
For it can welcome thee no more!

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH A POSEY OF EARLY FLOWERS.

Go beauteous flowers! and breathe your sweet perfumes,
Upon the heaven of fair Amanda's breast?
There, tell the sighs, of him, who still presumes,
To worship where he never must be bless'd!

And say, tho' fate, to him, has been severe,
Tho' to his heart no joys return again;
Yet, for her peace, he'll hide the starting tear,
Nor wake her bosom to one moment's pain:

And when, for some more favor'd, happy youth,
Her gentle heart its fondness shall confess;
Oh! then may his like mine be full of truth,
Which tho' undone can never love her less!

SONG.

Tell me not that we must part,
Tell me not such words of sorrow!
Hope still flutt'ring round my heart,
Says he'll come again to-morrow!

Haste, then, all your gifts provide,
Maidens pluck the flowret blowing;
Deck me meet for Henry's bride!
Bind my brows with roses glowing!

Hence! ye boding fears, away!
I'll have nought to do with sorrow;
Oh! my heart, thou need'st be gay,
Thou'lt be blest, indeed to-morrow!

ADDRESSED

TO A YOUNG LADY,

ONCE A SCHOOL-MATE AND PARTICULAR FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR, WHO REQUESTED OF HIM A POEM ON SCHOOL-DAY FRIENDSHIPS.

And dost thou, too, sometimes bestow,
On school-day joys, the feeling sigh?
Nor scorn the tear, that loves to flow,
To Memory, from the generous eye?

Oh! never shall this heart forget,
Those moments sweet, when free from care;
All blithe each morn at school we met,
And hail'd thee lovliest of the fair!

That neck of snow, that cheek's soft bloom!
Those curling locks, that half conceal'd
Thy sweet, enchanting brow, where gloom,
Had ne'er its hated form reveal'd;

All are remember'd—oh! how well,
It needs not, to a heart like thine,
One single proof, to plainly tell,
Each thought, each wish, that throbs in mine!

And when at play-time's dearer hour,
Can'st thou forget, sweet girl! how oft,
Thou'st pluck'd for me the blushing flower,
For me hast sung the ditty soft?

And I remember well how lov'd,
By all were those dear lips that sung;
And many a time these eyes have prov'd,
How fondly on thy strains I hung!

When from our haughty tyrant's frown,
I screen'd my fair nor stoop'd to guile;
I gain'd a bliss beyond renown,
I gain'd thy sweet—thy witching smile!—

Ah! why should bliss so soon decay!
Why Fortune, wilt thou still decieve!
Hope gilds our morn with brightest ray,
At noon, we but look back to grieve.

Past are those joys—those dear delights,
To us, alas! are felt no more!—
No longer now the game invites,
The race, the romp—all, all are o'er!

TO MARY.

Ah Mary! why so soon depart!
Ah! why to sorrow wilt thou leave me?—
Thy heart, I thought so true a heart,
It never, never could deceive me!

In whispers sweet, Hope said, at last,
My soul had met its little fairy;
And bade it ne'er regret the past,
But live for joy, and lovely Mary!

So fondly did the syren sing,
So much of heaven was in her measure!
I dreamt of naught but endless spring,
A smiling spring of boundless pleasure!

And must those flatt'ring dreams decay?
Oh Mary! canst thou see me languish?
Then stay!—too cruel woman, stay!
And see me die of love and anguish!

ADDRESS

TO THE WILLOW.

SWEET willow! green willow! thy shade I admire,
And thou too, sweet streamlet! that murmurs close by,—
'Twas *here* to Eliza, I first tun'd the lyre,
'Twas *there*, I first caught the bright glance of her eye:—

'Twas evening and sweet was the dream of my soul,
As straying I sought the recess in the grove;
While Fancy tripp'd near me nor suffer'd controul,
As fondly she whisper'd the raptures of love.

Then first on thy green banks, lov'd stream did I see,
A form such as envy herself must adore;
And thought were such sweetness but destin'd to me,
From all heaven's blessings, I'd ask for no more.

Nor did I, when as my fond tale she believ'd,
And told me, with blushes, her love I had won;
Her eyes caught the rapture my heart had receiv'd,
And plainly declar'd all her lips would have done.

Since then, sweetest willow! how oft by thy shade,
In the noon of the day have we calmly repos'd!
How oft on thy margin, at eve, have we stray'd,
O streamlet! sole witness what love there disclos'd

Dear moments of transport! where now are ye flown?
Ah! why does Eliza no longer appear?
Thy leaves, conscious willow! now shade *me* alone,
Thy murmurs, lov'd stream! fall alone on *my* ear!

All pensive I wander and sigh through each scene,
Where lately all nature look'd lovely and gay;
But chang'd is each spot where Eliza has been,
And beauty is fled like the maiden away!

Yet willow! green willow! thy shade I admire,
And thou too, sweet streamlet! that murmurs close by,—
'Twas *here*, to Eliza I first tun'd the lyre,
'Twas *there* I first caught the bright glance of her eye!

FINIS.

JOS. ROBINSON,
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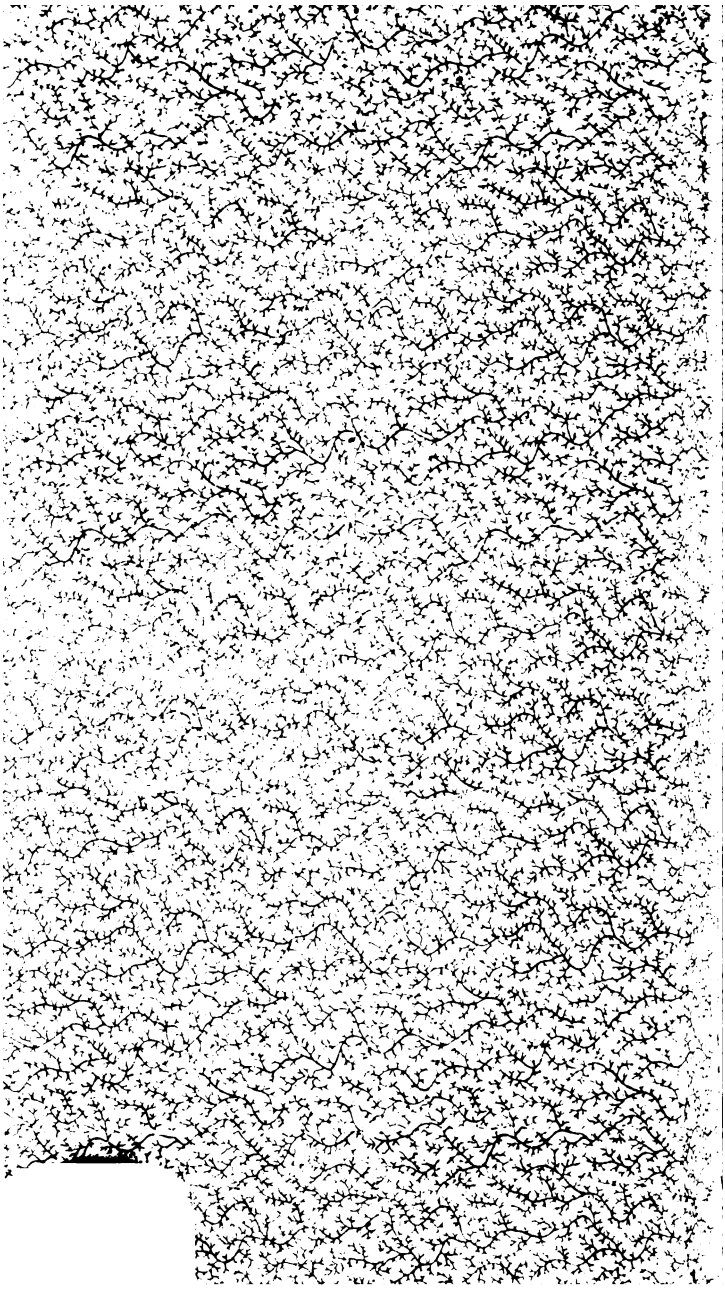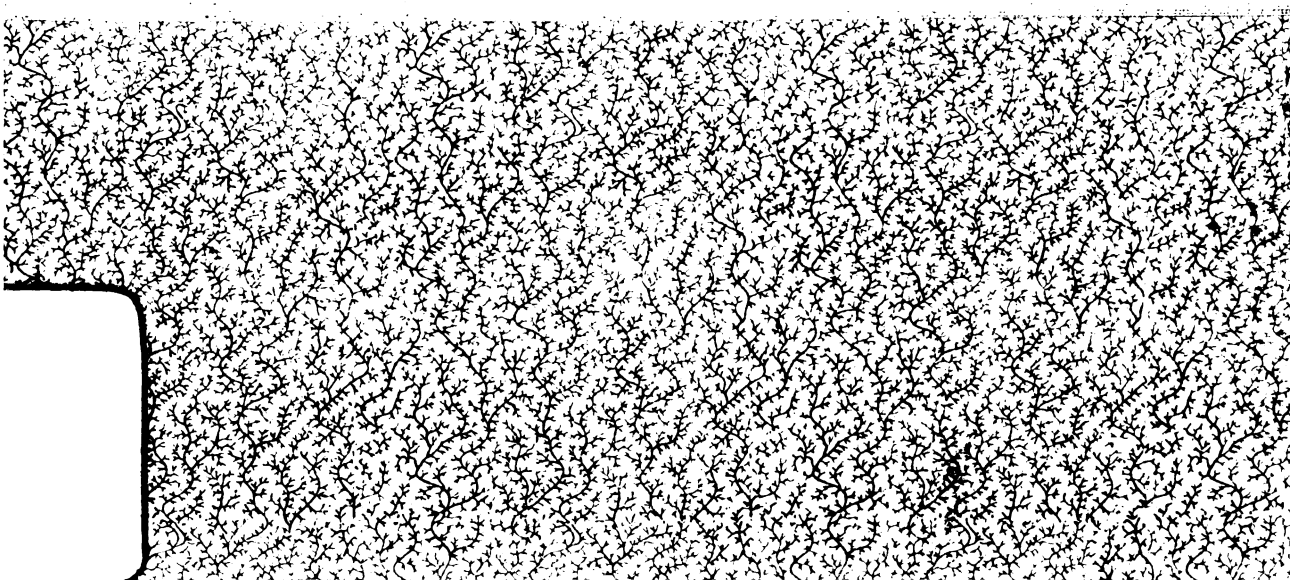
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